

LEAGUE MAY CAUSE SPLIT IN THE G. O. P.

IT NOW APPEARS LIKELY THAT THERE WILL BE ANOTHER POLITICAL PARTY IN THE FIELD IN 1920—BORAH MAKES THREATS.

GOSSIP FROM CONGRESS

Washington, June 9.—It now appears likely that there will be another political party in the field in 1920. The chasm in the Republican ranks has gradually widened until it appears impossible that a temporary bridge of minor honors offered to "Progressives" by the Old Guard can be erected in time for the Penrose crowd to ride safely to victory.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, has again sounded a warning of a split in the party and this time he appears to have obtained sufficient support to encourage him to carry out his threat. He threatens now to have another party created for 1920 if Will Hays and his organization does not immediately denounce the peace treaty and the League of Nations and make a partisan fight upon the League.

Borah has made threats before and only recently insisted that if Senator Penrose wrote into the new revenue measures of this Congress the inevitable Penroseisms, a new party would be founded. He could dodge making good on this threat because he can inform the public that the revenue measures are progressive and there is always such an abundance of comparative figures that the public can be induced to place trust in the statements of its representatives in Congress.

But the latest Borah defiance is one which cannot be dodged. There is a clean cut issue. Either the party must be opposed to the League and "denounce it," or a new party will be formed; Borah places before Will Hays two alternatives—to fight the League and thereby read out of the party William Howard Taft and thousands of Republicans who are supporting the League, or to remain silent and covertly attack the League and lose Borah—again providing that Borah makes good.

There are other Senators who are awaiting the opportunity for a break in the party and who will not hesitate once they are given assurance that their fight can get anywhere with the public supporting it. They are submitting now to the tyranny of olden days in the party, and submitting under duress. At least one of them will not submit in this fashion forever, and when he speaks there may be more trouble than Mr. Hays can allay.

The fact is this promises to be a Congress without an idea. Never before has there appeared to be a Congress so devoid of ideas. When the Saturday Evening Post advised Mr. Hays to get an idea, one at least, before the Republicans thought of victory, the Post might have been prophesying what is happening today.

Three weeks of Congress are now history. Never before in our history have there been so many problems and such a great opportunity for men with original ideas and progressive thoughts. More than 4,000 bills have been introduced in the House and more than 1,000 in the Senate. Of all these bills, probably ten are of any importance. These ten have been introduced by one or two men. In practically every other instance the bills propose to grant someone a pension or to obtain a cannon for some city or town. And all this at a time when a party had clamored for a special session so it could enter upon solving the problems of the reconstruction period.

The other day, in the lobby of the Senate, one newspaper man met another and the following conversation ensued:

"Has our Indiana delegation any intention to do anything?"

"I don't know; if it has, it sure has not started on its way."

It is sometimes painful to be from Indiana and to know that Indiana has played such a prominent part in Con-

gressional history and then to think of the present. When a member of the Indiana delegation appears on the floor it is an event and when one of the delegation either in the House or Senate speaks, it is almost a tragedy—or a comedy.

Senator Harry S. New, of Indiana, is going to have an investigation made of the expenditures for houses to shelter war workers. There are more than a dozen big buildings now on the ground intended for a park near the Capitol. They have proved such a boon to the war workers that there is a complaint now of favoritism in granting accommodations to the girls.

The only general complaint against these buildings has been that they were "unsightly." They appear to offend the eyes of some Senators. And beauty must come first and the sheltering of girls away from home second therefore. If permanent, these buildings might be "unsightly," but in this day of congestion none of the girls will so regard them, and mothers and fathers of these girls will not believe there was any extravagance in providing shelter for their daughters.

Let the investigation proceed, however!

Where is Senator James E. Watson? He was seen the other day to stride through the Senate. Somebody once wrote a book entitled "His First and Last Appearance."

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

C. W. Proctor to G. M. Spencer, land in Russell Tp.—\$325.
Minnie McLochin to Fred L. Sturgeon, land in Russell Tp.—\$9,550.
Cynthia Batman to Nathan Call, lot in Roachdale—\$2,000.

Roy Stultz to Alonzo Frank, lot in Roachdale—\$500.
Sarah Lane to Paise Busby, land in Greencastle Tp.—\$1,550.

C. O. McNulty to W. H. Finenberry, 535 acres in Madison Tp.—\$1.
Charles Eiteljorge to G. E. Thomas, twenty-eight acres in Clinton Tp.—\$1.

J. J. Kauble to F. J. Rockhill, Jr., five acres in Madison Tp.—\$650.

FOE TO HAVE FIVE DAYS FOR MAKING A DECISION

Paris, June 9.—The reply of the peace conference to the German counter-proposals will not be delivered which to accept or to reject the before Friday. After its presentation the Germans will have five days in treaty. President Wilson, whose plans for returning to America have depended all along on developments at Versailles, is now expected to sail within ten days or two weeks.

ENGAGEMENT OF DEPAUW TEACHER IS ANNOUNCED

Little hand-painted French distilleries, so novelly arranged that they imparted to the guests the news of the engagement of Miss Mabel Cooper, of Torrington, Conn., teacher of French and Spanish in DePauw University, and Captain B. F. Willhite, instructor of French in the Lexington Military Institute of Lexington, Va., were the means through which Miss Cooper made known her future plans to a number of her friends Saturday evening. Miss Cooper, who resides at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Baney, had as her guests several of her university and Greencastle friends and the affair was a most pleasant and enjoyable one. The announcement of her engagement was so cleverly arranged and such a surprise to her many friends that the evening proved a most happy one. The marriage is to occur the latter part of June in Torrington.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

The Greencastle Musicals, Greencastle's newest musical organization, held its first formal meeting on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Mary Tucker Noble. The program for the afternoon consisted of three numbers by Minnie Murdock Kimball of the DePauw school of music and the song cycle "The Morning of the Year," by Cadman, sung by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Pauline Hurst, Miss Katherine Allison, Harry W. Moore and Haven O'Rear. The event was a most enjoyable one.

Two Minds With but a Single Thought



END COMES TO DR. J. M. KING

DEATH OF GREENCASLE PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS MAN OCCURS ON SUNDAY AT NEAR NOON AFTER A LONG ILLNESS—WAS PROMINENT IN POLITICAL ACTIVITIES—WAS COUNTY HEALTH OFFICER.

FUNERAL ON TUESDAY

The death of Dr. Jerome R. King, age 48 years, occurred at near noon on Sunday at his home on South Jackson street after an illness of more than two years. During the past months Dr. King had been confined to his bed. Anemia and complications were the cause of his death. Dr. King had been in about his usual condition until Saturday, when he became much worse. His death followed on Sunday.

Beside his widow Dr. King leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. King, of Washington township; one brother, John King, of Washington township, and four sisters, Mrs. Elza Bond, Mrs. Frank Torr, Mrs. Daniel Hutcheson and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, the last being a half sister.

Dr. King was born in Washington township and spent his entire life in this county. He attended medical school in Burlington, Va., and in the city of New York, where he received his diploma. He immediately started practice of medicine, locating in Greencastle June 1, 1897.

In later years he became engaged in the automobile business, being a member of the King, Morrison & Foster firm, Putnam county agents for Ford cars.

During his residence in Greencastle Dr. King was prominent in the activities of the Democratic party. He served for four terms as county coroner and also served the county as its health officer for many years. He held this latter office at the time of his death. Dr. King also was physician for the state farm, having attended to that medical practice from the time the farm was opened until his health required that he give it up.

On March 15, 1899, Dr. King married Miss Hallie Bridges, daughter of Mrs. Maude Bridges. He was a member of the Masons, a Red Man and a member of the Ben Hur lodge.

Funeral services will be held at the home on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by the Rev. Levi Marshall of the Christian church.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

Farmers of Greencastle township, Putnam county, will meet at the county agent's office at 8 p. m., Wednesday evening.

R. A. RAINES, Pres.

EIGHT THOUSAND HOGS; PRICES UP 15c TO 25c

—June 9—
Arrivals at the Indianapolis stockyards, Monday, were 8,000 hogs, 550 cattle, 400 calves and 100 sheep. Hog prices advanced 15c to 25c, with sales at 19.90 to \$20.00. Local packers took 6,500 and outsiders the rest. Prices of cows were steady, other cattle strong. Calves were strong to higher and sheep steady.

MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER FROM BLINDED SOLDIER

Blinded and without hands a British soldier has found it in his heart—and within his strength—to write a message of good cheer to an American soldier similarly wounded, says a message from Lake Division headquarters, American Red Cross.

The letter, written by artificial hands on a specially arranged typewriter, has been received by an American soldier in a New York hospital from Alan V. Nichols, a British soldier who feels that no war cripple, however handicapped he may be, is not "A man for a' that."

The afflicted Englishman informs the American that he is still able to dance, swim, ride horseback, play dominoes (with his nose), feed himself, carry a cane, take his handkerchief from his pocket and do almost everything a man with two eyes and two hands could do except roll his own cigarettes and strike a match. He uses a taper.

"When you are fit and able," he writes, "you will find there is still plenty in life worth living for. I have studied elocution, by which I earn my living. My work is most interesting and consists of speaking on the work of St. Dunstan's and the National In-you, I know, when I tell you that in attitude for the Blind. It will surprise addition to this I organized and control the lantern slide department, which is the advertising medium of the N. I. B. and St. Dunstan's."

Telling of his amusing experiences while traveling Nichols wrote: "I take considerable satisfaction in the fact that I am able to deceive 99 per cent of the people I meet. I can wear my artificial hands all day without the least discomfort. I once addressed a meeting without any of the audience knowing I am wearing artificial hands."

Nichols is one of the British soldiers who have taken training similar to that offered in this country by the federal board for vocational training. Already a large number of disabled soldiers in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky are studying useful trades which will enable them to earn a good living.

DEATH OF TILMAN H. BRYAN OCCURS SATURDAY

The death of Tilman H. Bryan, age 70 years, of Paragon, Ind., father of Julius A. Bryan of this city, occurred Saturday at his home. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bryan and sons are in Paragon, called by the death.

SIXTY-NINE SENIORS TO GET DIPLOMAS

EIGHTIETH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF DEPAUW UNIVERSITY BEGIN SUNDAY WITH BACCALAUREATE SERMON BY DR. GEORGE R. GROSE.

A THREE DAY PROGRAM

DePauw University's eightieth commencement program was formally begun Sunday morning when President George R. Grose delivered the annual baccalaureate sermon to the sixty-nine members of the graduating class assembled in Meharry Hall. Today was senior day and was featured by senior class day exercises, Tuesday will be devoted to alumni chapel, reunions and the annual banquet to be served in the Bowman memorial building at noon.

The senior class day program was noteworthy for the fact that the members of the graduating class this morning made the first public announcement of the nature of the gift which it gives to its alma mater. The members of the 1919 class gave to DePauw funds for the erection of a memorial arch to be placed on the south entrance of the campus. The gift was presented by Lloyd Cline, a senior, and received on behalf of DePauw by Vice President Hilary A. Gobin.

The class prophecy was read by Natalie Coffin, the class poem by Elizabeth Horner and the class history by Lella Roth at the morning chapel exercises. Prof. H. B. Longden addressed the seniors as the representative of the faculty. Miss Helen Lamb, president of the class, presided at the exercises.

The baccalaureate address was a strong appeal to the members of the graduating class to "read the signs of the times" and translate into the life of the world the precepts and ideals which the university has attempted to give them during the four years of their academic work.

President Grose emphasized the fact that although the material struggle of the world war was over, there still remained a conflict no less stern. Great moral issues, unsolved questions, important decisions must now be made, he said, and it will require men and women of unclouded vision and divine guidance to decide them rightly.

President Grose censured the tendency of the times to undervalue the worth of morality. He criticized the

attitude of the motion play house and theater to scoff at the foundations of the home and standards of morality as puritanical.

Speaking of the causes of the world war, he urged that Germany be not held as wholly responsible for the conflict. The real cause of the war, he said, was the culmination of national selfishness the world over and not Germany alone, although she perhaps was the worst offender.

It is the task of the college graduates of today to make impossible a recurrence of such a national selfishness, he held.

COMMENCEMENT GUEST LISTS.

Greencastle this week is entertaining hundreds of DePauw University commencement visitors. Among those here for the commencement season are:

Beta Phi House.
George Goodykoontz, Vincennes, Ind.
Homer L. Thompson, Lagrange, Ind.

Ralph O. Minick, Spencer.
Fred Dobbyn, Washington, Ind.
Emmert M. Brackney, Greencastle.
Charles Canup, Summitsville, Ind.
Lawrence Sheridan, McRae, Ark.
Winston Stone, Fort Wayne.
Ralph Laymen, Indianapolis.
Earl Goodnough, Indianapolis.
Guy Bauchert, Chicago.

Sigma Nu House.
Alfred Evans, Crawfordsville.
Edwin Dunlavy, Lafayette.
Fendrick Reed, Greencastle.
Ralph Gorrell, Knox, Ind.

Phi Delta Theta.
Carl Hixon, Brazil.
Mike Ogile, Muncie.
Russell Cook, Boswell, Ind.
Dick Wheat, Sherman, Texas.
Frances Guthrie, Indianapolis.
Leroy C. Schmalzried, Portsmouth, N. H.

Theta House.
Mary Alice Davis, Columbus, O.
Anna Avery, Columbus, O.
Mary Mason, Delhi, Ind.
Mary Grundy, Louisville, Ky.
Lois Von Behren, Marion, Ind.
Lois Shouse, Indianapolis.
Margaret Shouse, Indianapolis.
Helen Marrott, Indianapolis.
Mrs. Elsie Marshall Davidson, Crawfordsville.

Mrs. W. E. Brian, Sumner, Ill.
Mary Jewett, Indianapolis.
Ruth Miller, Danville, Ill.
Carlotta Cooper, Kenosha, Wis.
Mrs. Gladys Martin Cobb, Attica, Ind.
Mrs. Arthur Loring, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Esther Campbell, Newton, Ind.
Mrs. Anna Shields Hogate, Detroit, Mich.
Dorothy Barbour, Detroit, Mich.
Anah Webb, Chicago.
Ione Cassidy, Spencer, Ind.
Lena Levedy, Huntington, Ind.
Helen Sunday Haines, Sturgis, Mich.

Mary Tainey, Bedford, Ind.
Phi Kappa Psi House.
John W. Webster, Danville, Ill.
Will H. Cavin, Sturgis, Mich.
Mark Haines, Sturgis, Mich.
Victor Paxton, South Bend, Ind.
Merle Walker, Gotham, N. Y.
Ray Walker, Gotham, N. Y.
Ewing Emison, Vincennes, Ind.
Robert Trees, Kokomo, Ind.
Elliott Trees, Kokomo, Ind.
Clifford Allen, Cleveland, O.
Roscoe Clark, Shelbyville, Ind.
Roscoe Moore, Kokomo, Ind.
Otis Adams, Indianapolis, Ind.
Fred Carson, Danville, Ill.
William Hough, Greenfield, Ind.
J. A. Longley, Indianapolis, Ind.
Henry Clay Allen, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sigma Chi House.
John Clark Binford, Greenfield.
Harry Filer, Marco.

Tri Delta.
Miss Pauline Fulton, Lagro.
Miss Eula Fulton, Lagro.
Miss Zue Stephens, Lebanon.
Miss Margaret Day, Lebanon.
Miss Ruth Miller, Danville.
Miss May Jewett, Indianapolis.
Willie Osborn, Bloomfield, Ind.
Dean Campbell, Chicago, Ill.
Gladys Campbell, Frankfort, Ind.
Mary Henderson, Champaign, Ill.
Gertrude Vaughn, Greenfield.
Verna Burns, Brazil, Ind.
Roxana Frazier, Alexandria, Ind.
Alta Bittles Mathews, Kentland, Ind.
Bernice Karnes, Fort Branch, Ind.
Angeline Cushman, Danville, Ind.
Zue Stevens, Lebanon.

GERMAN HELMETS PRESENTED TO SCHOOL CHILDREN

HIGH SCHOOL AND GRADE CHILDREN WHO WROTE BEST ESSAYS ON "WHY IS THE VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN NECESSARY" ARE PRESENTED WITH PRIZES BY COMMITTEE.

GREENCASLE GIRL BEST

Eight German helmets—dress helmets which were made to wear on the march by the German army, into Paris, but which never were used by the Germans—which were sent to the Putnam county Liberty Loan committee to be used as prizes during the Victory Loan drive, have been awarded to four Putnam county high school and four grade school pupils who wrote the best essays on "Why is the Victory Loan Necessary?"

Mrs. Alonzo Cook of this city was chairman of the committee which had in charge the contest and Prof. F. C. Tilden and his advance class in literature graded the papers.

Miss Mildred Crawley of this city had the best graded manuscript of any Putnam county school child who entered the contest. The four high school and the four grade school pupils who were awarded the helmets are:

High School.

Mary Rogers, New Mayssville.
Lois Akers, Roachdale.
Eugene Campbell, Fillmore.
Thelma Stamp, Roachdale.

Grade Schools.

Mildred Crawley, Greencastle.
Mabel Jordan, Greencastle.
Mary Rogers, Greencastle.
Marion Pollard, Greencastle.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Miss Edna Sherfy, of Bloomington, spent Sunday with friends in Greencastle.

Harry Talbott and E. R. Hamrick reported this morning the sale of the Charles Reeves farm of 150 acres to F. E. Dauner, of Indianapolis, president of the Dauner Coal Company, for a consideration of \$10,000. This real estate company also reports the sale of the Edward Bicknell farm of 107 acres to F. E. Dauner, of Indianapolis, for \$10,000 and the Paul Coleman farm of eighty acres to Leslie Sears for \$8,000. These farms are all on the Greencastle-Crawfordsville road and just north of the waterworks station.

Otoe Tribe of Red Men are requested to meet tonight in their hall to arrange to attend the funeral of Dr. Jerome King in a body. There also will be team work in the adoption degree.

County Superintendent Harry J. Reed, of Monticello, White County, Indiana, and two of his trustees were here today looking for school teachers. One of the trustees has two commissioned high schools in his township and has not secured a teacher for next year. After visiting DePauw the men will go to Bloomington and to Hanover in search of teachers.

George Christy, Miss Catherine Allison and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodwine attended the Shriners' convention at Indianapolis today. The party motored through in Mr. Christy's car.

Frank Weathers, a student in DePauw, has left for Chicago, where he will take up his summer's work with a Chautauqua company.

Frank Browning, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Browning, who reside southeast of the city, broke both bones in his right forearm late Sunday evening while picking cherries. Dr. W. W. Tucker was called to render medical aid. It has been just a little over a year ago that the Browning lad fell and broke his right arm in a similar place.

HERALD

Entered as Second Class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice.

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TELEPHONE 65

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Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

Her Bad Luck

"I will have nervous prostration if Mrs. Stiffen ever comes to this house again," declared Botts. "Of all the afflictions she is the worst."

"I must say I feel very much the same," Mrs. Botts made answer. "Whenever any one who is afraid of comes to the house things are sure to turn out badly. The last time before this when Mrs. Stiffen came here the children had a fight with the garbage man about some treasure he was carrying away. This time it was not quite so embarrassing, yet there was a quarrel about a chair. She insisted on sitting in the one decrepit chair in the house, for every family has at least one decrepit chair and we are no exception."

"She sat in that chair, and every time she leaned forward to make a remark of any kind the chair creaked a sort of protest."

"Yes," agreed Botts. "It is as much as said. The creaks you say, to the lady's remark. It has developed great skill in throwing irony or doubt into its various comments."

"Exactly," responded Mrs. Botts. "Then dear Mrs. Stiffen would look at the chair to see if it could possibly be going to pieces. But she never could notice anything wrong with it. When she got up to go, the chair gave a resounding pop and she thought she had broken it. She started to apologize, but the apology died away in distant rumblings. The poor woman didn't know whether to apologize for it or not."

"It sounded to me," said Botts, "as if the chair popped with relief to find that she was going. I nearly popped myself, I felt so relieved."

"But," wailed Mrs. Botts, "when she pulled the doorknob out of the door, that was the limit! You promised me a week ago that you would have that doorknob fixed. Why didn't you? Why should you humiliate me that way? It was terrible. I think she did apologize about that, didn't she?"

"That was no apology. I think she muttered something like, 'Well, I daresay. I seem to be hard on the furniture.' I certainly must not get out of here before I pull down the temple, like Solomon, or Moses, or whoever it was."

"The person who pulled down the temple was Samson. I would rather have the temple pulled down on me than sit up and watch a woman dissect my house the way that woman does."

On Guard

"I don't care how thick the burglars are!" announced Mrs. Trickler. "I will not have a firearm in the house. I am more afraid of a firearm than of ten burglars. If you had had a firearm handy the other evening you would have shot your Aunt Rhoda. Think of it!"

"Look at Mrs. Plops! She is so afraid of her husband's revolver that she hides it where it would never do him any good whatever happened."

"The last time she hid it she forgot where it was herself. She looked for it all day. In the evening when she was cooking dinner there was a tremendous explosion in the oven, and she wondered what on earth was the matter with those biscuits!"

"She was just going to give the grocer a good talking for sending her nitrolycerine instead of baking powder when she opened the oven door. She found the oven full of smoke, and she fired the revolver. The revolver had fired five shots in the oven, and those five shots so terrified the boarders that one who was taking a bath nearly drowned."

"So with Mrs. Plops' experience in mind I cannot have fire arms in the house. It is bad enough as it is, with you going to the door with that piece of maspise in your hands every time the bell rings. You'll probably hit some caller with it yet. You look positively ridiculous stealing through the hall with your gas pipe every night, trying to surprise some loose shutter or something!"

"I'm not afraid of burglars," explained Trickler. "I want to get them, that's all. I want to thin them out a little. You are not so anxious to capture the burglar as you are to hide stuff where he can't find it."

"It's this hiding business that drives me crazy!" went on Trickler. "I am sick and tired of such a nuisance. I go to put on a sock and find your great-grandmother's watch in it! I pick up a book and that 10-cent piece of coral that your stinky aunt brought you from Europe drops out."

"Yesterday I reached down into my tobacco jar and ran a stickpin under my fingernail. The day before that Mary took a book back to the public library and forty dollars in bills dropped out into the librarian's lap! We can't afford to sprinkle librarians with money!"

"There are all sorts of things cooked up in our food these days, too. Every time I open a biscuit I expect some helium to come rolling out. I am liable to break my teeth on a relic at every meal."

"That's why I want to murder a few burglars. Can you blame me?"

"It may be fun for you to lie in bed and gamble on whether the burglar will find the purple necklace or whether we shall have it for breakfast baked in a pancake. You hide jewelry and then if you can't find it you are happy because you think the burglar can't. When it turns up stuck through your husband's upper lip you are much pleased. But I'm tired of it."

MAKES BIRD WEIGH ITSELF.

"Twig" Tomtit Lights on Its Beam of Tiny Scale.

An ingenious naturalist has been making the tomitts record their weight. In order to obtain the food which he places for them they have to alight upon what appears to be a twig, but is in reality the beam of a tiny scale. As they rest upon it, so they register their weight, which averages about one-third of an ounce per bird—forty-eight tomitts to the pound.

"What's in a name?" Yet the fact that his own is Ralph Arnika may be some slight balm to the feeling of a New York holdup man who was hit on the head with the butt of a revolver and knocked unconscious during a recent altercation with a policeman.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and the Motorist

THE Standard Oil Company (Indiana), as a public servant, interprets its obligation to the 2,000,000 motorists in the territory it serves as reaching beyond simply supplying them with gasoline and lubricating oils.

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Meet Me at Christ's Shoe Store.

When He Fell Down

"Next time I have a vacation," remarked young Staples to the office boy, the only member of the staff who showed an interest. "I shall go into camp in some of the northern woods where there won't be a skirt in sight. No girls for mine next time I get two weeks' loaf. Fishing and hunting are the life."

"I thought you went up to Lindenhurst specially to see the girl," grinned the office boy.

"I don't know how you happened to get that idea. It did happen that there was a young woman at Lindenhurst, but you needn't think that I was pursuing her. The fact is I'm thru chasing girls. If a girl wants my society she'll have to hunt me. I'm no ladies' man."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" asked the office boy, who was not altogether awed by his immediate superior in the office. "I always thought you were keen for the fair babies."

"That's all you know about it," said young Staples. "I don't mind telling you that, I used to be keen on them—but I've outgrown all that."

"The fact is," he explained as he melted a fresh steel pen at his lips. "I doubt if I ever marry. Women are too fickle and uncertain. My advice to you, youngster, is to let them alone. Don't waste your money on 'em."

"Thank you very much! I suppose it would be better to invest my rocks in bonds."

"Don't invest them in chocolates anyway. I took five pounds at eighty cents per to—to Lindenhurst, and the particular young woman then passed it around to every kid in the resort, and she fed the remnants to her fox terrier. She said she didn't care much for sweets any more, but her dog adored them."

"So it was the fox terrier that spoiled you?"

Young Staples did not deign to answer, but after a moment's silence remarked cynically that girls could never be depended upon.

"When you think a girl likes one sort of thing you find out pretty quick that she likes something else better," he said.

"Mention men or chocolates?"

"When I first got to Lindenhurst," began young Staples, again disdainful of the office boy's question, "she was strong for athletics. She said she didn't care for men who couldn't jump, run and make swimming records, and if a man wasn't a tennis crack she didn't care for his acquaintance. Of course I was glad of a chance to shine. I beat every cub on the place at tennis, and I vaulted fences and climbed trees to show my ability, until I thought she looked upon me as the boy wonder of the west."

"So that when a languid, pasty-faced gink arrived in his father's automobile I didn't suppose the girl would give him more than the once over. He couldn't run the car, and he didn't even sit on the front seat with the chauffeur, but lolled in the tonneau, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He looked about as athletic as a piece of string."

"That boy showed no signs of life at all until evening, when dancing began on the hotel porch. Then he came to and tugged like Joe Santley. Some of those nutty boys can dance! I was mighty glad I had chalked the girl for nearly every number, because I saw that he was watching her steps glue-eyed. The first time she was free he dashed up and they 'hesitated,' dipped and disced as if they had been doing it in the kindergarten together. He asked her for all the extras."

"When we had the 'Good Night, Polka' hesitation, Frances said she supposed men who were crazy over rough sports couldn't help being a little clumsy dancing. I asked her whom she meant, and she said: 'Oh, no one in particular. Don't be silly, but I'll stop dancing,' and we sat down before the last encore, altho every night previously we had both clapped hard for it."

"The next morning I was sitting on her cottage porch when she said she wondered how long it would take to swim from the island to the hotel beach. 'If you'll hold my watch a little while, I'll show you,' I said, and I beat it to my room and got into my bathing suit. I hired a kid to row me to the island and I began what I was sure would be a record-breaking swim. I thought while I swam that Frances would realize as she watched me plowing toward her that no puny-faced tanger could match my class."

"Sure, that was the way to prove the hero stuff."

"Here nothing! When I panted up to her porch to find what time I had made, her aunt, who is strong for dollars, handed me my watch and coolly informed me that Frances had gone motoring. Well, I packed up my duds and left that afternoon before the girl and the putty boy got back. I made up my mind that I really ought to spend the last part of my vacation with my mother."

"You always were a devoted son," breathed the office boy.

Better Left Unsaid.

A speaker at a dinner held in a hall which was adorned with many beautiful paintings wished to pay a compliment to the ladies present. He therefore pointed to the pictures, and said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at the table?"

Tender-Hearted

"Where's the man Friday I provided you with before I went away?" was one of the first questions that Miss Belinda's brother asked her on his return to their country home from an eastern trip. "I've taken a lot of satisfaction thinking all the time I was gone that you had a man to relieve you of the hardest work in the garden, but he doesn't seem to be in evidence anywhere."

Miss Belinda as a rule scorned to use slang, but now she cast a reproachful glance at her brother and said: "Ben, don't you ever dare wish on me again anything resembling that horrid Peter. When I have any hard work to do I'll hire some one myself to do it, thank you. That man almost gave me nervous prostration."

"He did? Where is he?"

"I'm happy to say that I don't know where he is. I gave him a week's pay and told him to leave at once."

"He must have been pretty trying if you were forced to eject him so violently," laughed Ben. "What were his particular idiosyncrasies?"

"Call them idiosyncrasies. The most objectionable thing about him was the stuporously tender heart."

"Why that sounds harmless."

"Perhaps it does. But you don't know the form his tender-heartedness took. For instance, I told him to put Paris green on those choice late potatoes we have been trying this year, and when I went down into the garden after being in town a day or two I found the plants simplyiddled by Paris bugs."

"Peter why didn't you put on the Paris green?" I asked.

"I hadn't the heart to kill them poor little bugs," he said. "They ain't never done me no harm."

"I suppose you wouldn't kill a fly, either," I remarked with some heat.

"Not unless he was buzzing round me peskily," replied Peter, innocently. "I ain't no hand to take the life of no poor critter without cause."

"Notwithstanding this declaration of principle, I instructed him to drown old Tabby's latest batch of kittens. For it seemed the only way to dispose of them, as no one in the neighborhood would accept one as a gift, and we don't want any more cats around here molesting our birds. I didn't wish to be present at the obsequies, so I walked over to the village, and when I returned I asked Peter if he had attended to the matter."

"Yes, Miss Belinda, then poor little kittens are gone," he answered solemnly.

"Did you drown them in the brook?" I asked. I suppose from a sort of morbid curiosity.

"No, indeed, ma'am. I hadn't the heart to drown 'em."

"Then what did you do with them?" I demanded.

"I just buried 'em ma'am."

"Imagine how I felt. I was so indignant that I didn't dare trust myself to speak."

"Then you didn't chase him away for that?"

"No, it was a day or two later. I saw him walking away from the barn with a dead dove in his hand."

"Why, what's that? Did somebody shoot a dove?" I asked Peter, thinking immediately that one of the boys from the summer hotel had been out with an alarm."

"No, ma'am; it wasn't shot," explained Peter. "You know, I had this here dove for a sort of a pet, and it got real tame, but it made such a damned mournful noise I couldn't stand it. The dove made me feel so bad that I just had to kill it. I've got awful tender feelings, so when it was making that mournful noise a few minutes ago I just took it and wrung its neck."

"Ben, did you ever hear of anything equal to that?"

"I should have thought the complexity of Peter's character would have interested a student of psychology like yourself," returned Ben.

Miss Belinda cast a withering glance at her brother. The only thing that interested me in Peter was his departure," she snapped. Again she found relief for her feelings in plain. "His retreating figure certainly looked good to me," remarked Miss Belinda.

The Presentation.

"There are many motorists," says a Washington driver, "who cannot speak as fast as they can drive. Indeed, I have noticed that we are, as a rule wretched speakers. In this relation I recall a dinner at an automobile club in Detroit. A well-known automobilist was assigned at this dinner the task of presenting a silver cup to another no less well known. Both had plenty of time to prepare addresses, but the best the presenter could do was to extend the cup and stammer:

"Here's the mug."

"The other rose in turn. His speech consisted of:

"Is that the mug?"

Keeping It Quiet.

Husband—It's ruinous! The idea of paying all that money for a little bit of lace.

Wife—Mrs. Astorbilt has two or three pieces like that.

"But, good lands, the Astorbilts have millions where I have thousands. Don't you know that?"

"Of course I do, but I don't want the Astorbilts to know it."

Lost and Found

"Why, I dunno," said their father, bewilderingly. "I did call them to come to lunch; you told me to!"

"Well, but didn't they answer?" demanded the mother.

"Er—well—I don't know," said their father, not thoroughly divorced from his magazine. "Pete—rrr! Florence!"

Dead silence.

"My goodness!" cried their mother anxiously. "Whatever has happened to them?"

"Now, Agnes!" said the husband. "Why should anything happen to them at this perfectly simple place? Nothing has happened—they've just strolled off! Telephone the Goggles and the McKanes!"

He remained standing nonchalantly on the steps, while she obeyed. Two wrinkles came between his eyebrows as he narrowed his eyes to look up the pathway winding between the summer cottages. Peter and Florence was conspicuous by their absence.

"They haven't seen them!" declared his wife, hurrying to the door. "You go up that way and I'll go this way and ask people."

She darted off in the hot sun and their father sighed and did likewise. It was odd—Peter had definitely promised never to run away again, after the last time back in town when he had been rescued from an old clothes warren and then painstakingly disinfected.

Florence was too young to be strong against malign influence. Where he was she was sure to be!

Half an hour later the hot and worried parents met again on the veranda. The cook joined them. The woman from the adjoining cottage ran over, lanchon napkins in hand, to discuss the mystery and tell the distressed mother that positively nothing could have happened to her children. They were absolutely optimistic.

"Why, it's perfectly safe here!" declared the fat, blonde woman. "That's the reason it's such a lovely place for children! You know, they simply can't get into trouble! The time that Phipps' child got carried away by gypsies was an exception—the farmer shouldn't have let them camp on his land. Now, my dear, don't take on that way! Nobody has seen any gypsies around here this year at all! Some one certainly would have seen them if there had been any! Still, they're so shy—"

"You must brace up!" chimed in the short, dark woman, coolly. "Peter certainly wouldn't think of taking Florence and going out in a rowboat, a child of eight like Peter! You've warned him repeatedly, especially since the accident at the other end of the lake! Oh, I'm sure he hasn't gone out in a boat—I wouldn't worry about it a bit! Not a bit!"

"D-d-d you see anything of them, Walter?" faltered their mother, impatient hysteria showing in her voice.

"No," said the father. "I'll go get some of the men to search the woods. Pete—rrr! Flo—cccc! Peter—rrr!"

"Oh, Oh!" cried the mother, wringing her hands. "We'd never find them in those woods!"

"It was a week before they found that Phipps' child," said the fat, blonde woman, emphatically. "On wasn't it (er dare, dear)? she impaled from the short, dark woman. "It seems to me they would have found it of gypsies immediately, but people are so funny! They always keep the best! Now, I believe it something awful happens the best thing to do is face it at once, and—ah—now, my dear, you really mustn't let two such a distracted state! Probably nothing at all has happened to them—"

"Then why don't they come home?" wailed their mother. "They're always so starved at meal time. Nothing would keep them away! Oh, Pete—rrr! Flo—cccc!"

"We've beat the woods all around here," reported their father, appearing with several other men. "We've called and shouted—"

"They couldn't have found that abandoned well back of the old Jones place, could they?" asked the fat blonde woman. "I'm sure they couldn't have lifted off the boards and fell in—"

"They're not there reported their father quiveringly, a little later, returning in time to help resuscitate his wife, who had promptly fainted at mention of the well."

There was a little rustle of leaves in the stillness. The rustle came from beneath the summer cottage, which was built on piles.

All the men fell upon their hands and knees and peered beneath the house. Then their father clubbed a shoe of each, dragged them out, pre-testing.

"I don't understand!" Peter yelled indignantly. "We're 'Americans'—an' you were Mexicans—an' we had to be still as—still as—er you'd catch us and shoot us—why, you just don't understand!"

"My comprehension may be limited said Peter's father, punctuating each syllable with a spunk, "but my imagination is great! Just play I'm a Mexican who's spanking you."

The woman who says she wouldn't marry the best man on earth usually weds one that is no good.

A bachelor says the simplest kind of simple addition is the adding of one and one to make one.

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LOCAL NEWS.

John Cannon was in Indianapolis on business today.

Elmer Fuqua visited friends in Sullivan county over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hays motored to Columbus, Sunday.

Walter Rariden, postmaster at Montezuma, Ind., was here over Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McAlinden and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brickman, of Cincinnati, were here to spend Sunday with Mrs. Brickman's parents, Sheriff and Mrs. Howard Harris.

Miss Esther Jackson, who has been teaching during the past school year at Stockland, Ill., has returned here for the summer. Miss Jackson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hark Jackson.

Frank Bittles, who was called to Ft. Smith, Ark., by a fire which last Wednesday night destroyed a handle factory in which he is interested, is expected home tomorrow.

Frank Shoptaugh, who has been in Bowling Green, Ky., looking after business interests, is here for a visit with his family.

Mrs. Dr. Claude Hamilton, of Ft. Benton, Montana, are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Fay Hamilton.

Mrs. Andrew Durham and children left Sunday morning for Milford, Pa., where they will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer.

Miss Anna Avery and Miss Mary Davis are the commencement guests of Miss Irene Hammond.

Mrs. E. B. Evens and Jack Kennedy will leave Wednesday for an automobile trip through Illinois, Missouri and Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Newby, of Knightsville, are here the commencement guests of Mrs. Josephine Lewis.

The body of Mrs. John Garl, whose death occurred at the home of a daughter in Indianapolis, Friday, was brought here this afternoon for burial.

Miss Edith Musser, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday here the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burnside, of Covington, former Greencastle citizens, are here to attend the university commencement exercises.

The Kappa Alpha Theta sorority will hold a reunion for their alumni Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 6 o'clock at their home on East Anderson street.

Robert Ford, who is in the navy, is visiting friends in Greencastle and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Ford, in Roachdale. Ford will return to his ship, the U. S. S. Michigan, after a ten days' furlough.

Among the local Shriners who went to Indianapolis today to attend the Shriners' convention are Elmer Crawley, George Christie and A. A. Hauck. Virtually all of the Putnam county Shriners will be in Indianapolis during the three days of the convention.

Theodore Crawley has returned from a ten days' business trip to Tennessee. Mr. Crawley reports that Mrs. Crawley, who is in Winamac, Ind., visiting relatives and recuperating after her recent serious illness, is rapidly improving.

Announcement of the birth of a son, Billy Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Virgil B. Brock has been received here. The Brocks will be remembered here during the College avenue and Christian church revivals. They reside at Greensfork, Ind.

Claude M. (Mike) Ogle, DePauw '14, formerly of The Herald but now of the Muncie Evening Press, is here with his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Ogle, to attend the events of commencement week. As city editor of The Press, Ogle has been prominent in the campaign now being conducted to rid the city of vice and lawlessness which is said to be as vicious as that which existed in Terre Haute a few years ago. The Press first exposed the operations of a "gang" that is alleged to have fleeced wealthy men from other states out of as much as a quarter of a million dollars through the medium of fake prize fights and the like. Fourteen alleged members of the "gang" are now in the toils of federal authorities and the federal grand jury is expected soon to return indictments against others, including perhaps three or more Muncie and Delaware county officials. George B. Lockwood, DePauw '94, of Washington, D. C., is the owner of The Press.

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U. S. Wire Service

Lawrence Crump and Glen Cook visited friends in Bloomington, Sunday.

Mrs. C. L. Zaring were called to Cleveland today on account of the illness of a relative.

Miss Carlotta Cooper, of Kenosha, Wis., is here the guest of friends and to attend the DePauw commencement.

Otto Dobbs and Clarence Vestal, the local auctioneers, drove to Bloomington this morning to make a big cattle sale.

The Community Club of Limestone will meet Wednesday night instead of Tuesday night. It will be a social without a farm lecture, charades, comedians, recitations and stories. All are invited to enjoy the occasion.

There will be a called meeting of Greencastle Court, No. 102, Tribe of Ben Hur, this evening at 8 p. m. All members are urged to be present. Frank Grismer, Chief; Mildred Eastham, Scribe.

Dr. Bastin, of Fillmore, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is resting fairly well today.

Donald Wass, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wass of this city, is home from Purdue University, where he has completed his freshman year. Donald will work this summer for the Greencastle Telephone Company.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith and daughters, Catherine and Alma, of Brazil, visited Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Gibson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gwinn, of Noblesville, are attending DePauw commencement and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. U. V. O'Daniels.

Miss Ella Marshall, who teaches music in Evanston, will attend the commencement exercises and visit Miss Mildred Rutledge of the music school.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Cooper drove to Columbus, Ind., Sunday, to investigate circumstances surrounding the capture of several robbers in that city. The men were arrested after they had attempted to rob a freight car. One of the robbers was shot to death and a detective badly wounded in the fight which occurred when the officers overtook the robbers. Detectives believed that the same men might have been implicated in the Kelley store robbery and asked that someone go to Columbus and see if any of the clothing stolen was worn by the men arrested. Mrs. Cooper, however, was unable to identify the clothing worn by the men as any of that which had been stolen from the local store.

Miss Margaret Cory, of Norfolk, Va., is visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Blanchard and son, William.

Mrs. J. Carter of Indianapolis, Mrs. Roper of Hobart, Mrs. Petticoat of Hobart and Miss Blanche Stillson, of Indianapolis, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. U. V. O'Daniel, Sunday.

Charles McKee, of Indianapolis, motored to Greencastle, Sunday, and visited his brother, Clay McKee, who lives north of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Watson, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Phillips. Mr. Watson teaches in the Shortridge high school.

The marriage of Miss Ella Bowman, daughter of Mrs. Alice Bowman, who resides on West Walnut street, and William E. McBride, son of Mrs. Logan Mize, and who is employed at the Indiana Portland Cement Company plant, was solemnized at 1 o'clock Monday at the College avenue parsonage by the Rev. Blaine Kirkpatrick. The young couple will make their home in Greencastle. Miss Bowman has been employed in the real estate department of the Central Trust Company.

Hall of Putnam Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F., will meet Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. There will be work in the first degree. The Danville team will be down to confer the degree. Let all members be present. There will be plenty to eat and a rousing good time. Roy Hillis, N. G.; Will Callahan, Sec.

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We pay \$1 for dead and worthless horses, \$1.50 for cattle. Also remove hogs if combined weight equals 800 pounds. Ask Greencastle to call the Brazil Tankage Company, Brazil phone. Phone county 88, ring 2-11. We pay all phone charges. Licensed plant. 24t-pd

NOTICE.

A six weeks' summer session in piano and music kindergarten with Miss Rutledge will begin this week. For registration call at Room 3, Music Hall, on Wednesday, June 11, between 2:30 and 5 o'clock. 1t-pd

LOST—Waterman fountain pen, without cap. Phone 767. 1t-pd

LOST—Between Greencastle and Clayton, Friday night, one small Jersey calf out of truck. Phone 564, Greencastle. 1t

WANTED—Solo clarinet player by Greencastle band. Tel. 736. Paul N. Wright, Mgr.

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Beauty In Its Frock.

Although the knowledge of hygiene has been spread through civilization of late years, yet the dresses of women to-day contain precisely the same defects as of yore, defects which ruin the home, fill the hospitals and weaken and degenerate the race. Cannot beauty and health go hand in hand? They do in the human body. As it is, sanitarians have a smile-like sneer for beauty, while the woman of fashion or the dandy ignores every law of health which interferes with fancy or fashion.

Manners of Our Youth.

The voice and manners of the youth to-day is raucous, selfish and hateful. They fear to say "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," in a pleasant voice for fear they be taken for mental. Never was youth more crudely cheated, politeness leads to profferment; with it all things are possible; without it discipline, everybody hates youth. A girl with harsh manners and voice to suit is sure to become a miserable shrew, a squaw, a gossip, a chronicler of small beer and a snubber of fools.

A fly swatter that resembles a piston and is operated by a trigger has been patented by its Michigan inventor.

The United States Army owns a patent for wireless equipment for aeroplanes that weighs but seven pounds and will transmit messages seven miles.

Government wireless stations have been planned for Indo-China that will be powerful enough to communicate with points more than 3,000 miles away.

French hospital attendants have succeeded in impregnating rubber gloves with the salts of certain metals and making them impervious to X-rays for the protection of persons using the rays.

Experimenters in Ceylon have found that coconut water, fermented for a few days, can be used to coagulate rubber.

Orchard and Garden.

Keep bees sharp with a file. Make three successional plantings of sweet corn this month, at 10-day intervals.

Never pick berries for market when they are wet. And, when picked, bury them to a cool place out of the sun.

Cut off, at any time, any suckers you may find growing at the foot of fruit trees or on the trunk or main limbs where branches should not grow.

Care of the Horse.

Never tolerate a man on the farm who yanks, kicks or whips a horse. In no case should the cult be allowed to follow when the mare is at work.

Grow a fresh patch of carrots for the horses this year. If you never have before.

Do not bang the bits against the horse's teeth; a patient and he will open his mouth.

Meal for Bees.

It will do no harm to let the bees eat a little corn meal from the bin. Some bee-keepers make a regular practice in early spring of setting meal in sunny spots protected from the wind for the bees to gather as a substitute for pollen to stimulate brood rearing. This is not necessary in locations where natural pollen is abundant.

Keep Brood Sows Several Years.

It is very necessary that the brood sows have exercise, that they may bring strong litters of pigs, full of vitality. It is best to keep the same sows for several years if they have proven good breeders and careful mothers; they will raise more and better pigs than the young girls. Illinois Farmers' Institute Bulletin.

Substitute Queens.

If any colonies have died during winter, remove the combs of honey that remain and place them under some other strong colony before robbing begins. If any colonies have become queenless others can be procured and substituted. Do not let the colony divide away for the want of a queen, for it may yield you fifty or even a hundred pounds of honey the coming season.

Ceramic Bottom Boards.

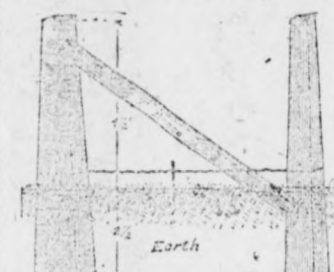
The bottom boards of hives should be scraped and cleaned from the accumulated cappings which always gather there during winter. On top of the hive you will probably find on a surface of eggs ready to hatch. Clean them out and sweep up the hives in general. It may be that some need a coat of paint.

Agricultural

BRACING CEMENT END POST.

Packing the First Foot is the Most Essential Thing.

First, plant the post 3 1/2 feet deep, being sure dirt is well tamped around the post. Packing the first foot well is the most essential thing in making a post-and-rail fence. Lean the post back about three inches. This leaning causes the post to pull to the ground instead of lifting out of the ground, as it will do if it leans the other way.



Then cut a notch about half way between the ground and top of the post for end of brace to rest in. Then plant a smaller post about six feet in front of end post for foot of brace to rest against, placing top side of lower end of brace six inches below the surface of the ground with a flat rock under it to keep the brace from settling in the ground. Now pass three strands of well galvanized No. 9 wire around the two posts, making six strands of wire to twist together. Fasten the ends of the wire together, so they will not slip. Take a rod about 13 inches long, place between the six strands of wire and twist them together. Do not neglect to twist them tight, for this is the secret in making the posts stay in position. If my instructions are followed the fence stretcher is not made that will move the end post one inch at the top. I have broken heavy log chains in stretching fence and never had an end post, braced as above to give way. I use cement posts altogether. End posts are 6x6 inches at top, 8x8 inches at bottom, 8 feet long. Line posts 3x3 inches at top and 5x5 inches at bottom, 7 feet long, and use a line post for a brace.—W. M. Williams.

Cool the Milk Promptly.

The prompt and thorough cooling of milk is generally recognized to be of prime importance in preventing the development of bacteria, which under ordinary conditions are always present in milk as soon as drawn, and to which the souring or curdling of milk is due.

FORMER BRAZIL CAPITAL HOLDS ART, RELIGION.

Monuments of Battles Holds Dates and No Names.

Bahia, once the capital of Brazil, is in many ways the center of art and religion in that largest of South American republics. She is the oldest of Brazilian cities, and many of these of her present inhabitants are descended from a long line of natives of the place.

After the puzzling custom of several Brazilian cities, the name of Bahia is really not Bahia at all. The same thing is true of Para, for instance, known to its inhabitants as Bemel. Bahia is really Sao Salvador.

Bahia, or Sao Salvador, which ever you prefer, is a city chiefly notable for the number of its public buildings and monuments. Some of them date back to Portuguese colonial days; others are very modern. The monuments include numbers of very fine bronzes. After South America fashion, there are monuments of the principal rivers of Brazil, as well as to the glorious events in Brazilian history. Also after the puzzling South American fashion, these monuments are not labeled in outspoken fashion with the name of the event they commemorate.

If a monument commemorates the victory of Brazil over Paraguay, it is not labeled "To the memory of those who fell in that glorious conflict, etc." It is simply labeled "The 11th of November," or "The 29th of June." You have to be well posted on local history to appreciate Brazilian monuments.

At Bahia you get a glimpse of the tremendous stream of tropical products which pours out of the rich mysterious interior into the maw of a gray world. Cocoa and coffee, rubber and cotton, rare woods, diamonds, strange bird skins, nuts and sugar, precious metals—all these and a hundred others flow into the holds of waiting ships.

Endless chain apparatus large enough to handle entire carcasses has been installed in several British ports for unloading meat from ships.

A recently invented trailer which carry from eighteen to twenty-five passengers is into an omnibus that can carry from eighteen to twenty-five passengers.

French army surgeons have found that a mixture of freshly slacked lime and phosphorus will remove tattooing so that it cannot be detected.

The body of an ambulance for horses that an Englishman has invented is mounted on a pivot and can be turned around to permit an occupant to walk out head first.

BORN BLACK

Proportionately to population, Indiana has more money to spend on schools than any state in the Union. It was in Indiana, not long ago, that the daughter of an old White River farmer was reading the country paper to him. She had got the personal and read this:

"Mrs. Willie Morris, nee Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis."

"I don't quite understand that," said the old gentleman.

"Why don't you understand?" inquired the daughter.

"That part about Mrs. Willie Morris, nee Black? What does that 'nee Black' mean?"

"Oh, that's French and means she was born black."

"Born black!" exclaimed the father excitedly.

"Yes; nee is French for born."

"Well, it isn't so," ejaculated the old man, jumping up and shaking his fist. "I know her parents, and they were as white as anybody that ever lived in Indiana, and I'll see that editor about it." But before he could get away the daughter explained matters and the old gentleman cooled down.

IT SEEMED A LONG TIME

George Bernard Shaw was invited by a friend one night to hear a string quartet from Italy. Expecting a treat, he accepted the invitation. Throughout the program he sat with a stony look on his face.

The friend, to draw a little praise from him said: "Mr. Shaw, those men have been playing together for twelve years."

"Twelve years!" said the other in an incredulous voice. "Surely we've been here longer than that."

ORDERS MODERN BOOKKEEPING

Big Chinese Bank Adopts the Method of Civilization.

American bookkeeping methods are being installed in the offices of China's Bank of Communications, Peking, the old Chinese methods having proved not entirely satisfactory. This new departure is the result of investigations made by Mr. Tsao Ju-lin, managing director of the bank, who has ordered Mr. Hsieh Lin, the chief accountant, to make a clean sweep of the organization and establish a thoroughly occidental system.

The mica windows of coal stoves can easily be cleaned with a sort of cloth dipped in vinegar and water. This should be done when putting the stove up.

Warm friends are more plentiful in summer than winter.

JENA OFFERS CONTRASTS

Intellectually Progressive, But Keeps Old Customs.

Jena is a town of comfortable contrasts. Intellectually progressive, she is physically most conservative. The leaders of thought fling the most advanced ideas in social philosophy back and forth over their dinner tables, but those tables are laden with large meals cooked after the exact fashion that they have been cooked in German Bohemia for the last 200 years. The good professor will follow any intellectual concept that convinces his profoundly logical mind, but he will stick to his grand father's style of pie in the face of all opposition and indignation. Someone might trace an interesting and instructive relationship between German pie and German pessimism.

The contrast between old manner and new thought run all through Jena. Here is one of the most famous of European universities, here are philosophers and metaphysicians of the most daring and radical, and all about them is an old picturesque city, whose comfortable burgher class is quite untouched by all the intellectual fireworks that consume from the university grounds.

Jena has all the earmarks of a German university town—the little knots of gay copped students, the creper covered buildings, the beer cellars, the gardens, the occasional daffodil and black-clad faculty member pacing austere down the latinate old street, respectfully saluted on every hand. All this student life is overlaid on a solid and picturesque background of town life, of comfortable solid homes, of blue-eyed middle class maidens, of cool streets and flowery gardens.

Jena is elaborately fond of gardens. They confront you on every hand, carefully tended and lushly flourishing. They bloom with a lavishness that is perhaps a product of the intellectual atmosphere. Jena is famous for her gardens, her glass factories, her beer and her great men. Any one of these industries carried to the point that they carry it in Jena, would insure the fame of an ordinary town.

INVENTIONS.

A lock, controlled by electro magnets that can be operated from distant points is a French invention.

A tubular electric flashlight that can be mounted on any revolver has been patented by a Philadelphian.

A curved framework of wire loops has been invented to enable a player to deal a hand of cards conveniently.

HURRY!

Wednesday, June 11th
is the last day to get

HUMPHREY

hot water service in your home at
special price!

Monday our sale starts. There are only a very few Humphrey Gas Water Heaters left, and we are sorry that we won't be able to supply all those who want one. But you can get one if you just make up your mind to come in, or telephone right away. And you owe it to yourself and family to do it—to get

a "Humphrey" on our Special Offer. Don't wait! Talk it over with the family tonight and place your order before it is too late. Think of the comfort and convenience of having "Humphrey" hot water service.

MONDAY

30 days free trial—
a year to pay

To prove to you the comfort and convenience of Humphrey Instant Hot Water Service—we offer to send you a "Humphrey" on Thirty Days' Free Trial.

After thirty days, if more than satisfied with your bargain, you may keep the HUMPHREY on our liberal monthly payment plan. Or if you think you can get along without it, notify us and we will remove it and refund your deposit.

No home-owner can afford to ignore this special opportunity. Choose the size to fit your requirements—make a small deposit and pay the balance in twelve monthly payments.

HUMPHREY

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

With a Humphrey you just turn on any hot water faucet and instantly a generous stream of clean, hot water pours forth. Enough for the bath or just enough for the toilet and shaving. Enough for cleaning and scrubbing, enough for the laundry or for the kitchen. And all at the rate of Only One Cent for Ten Gallons. Installation is easily made. The "Humphrey" is installed in the basement—out of the way. It is simply connected to the gas and water pipes.

Remember! Wednesday the Last Day

There's a size for every need for every home—from two to eight gallons per minute capacity—to supply every hot water faucet. Take advantage of our Special Offer and get one of these famous Gas Water Heaters. This is positively your last chance.

Greencastle Gas & Electric Light Co.

